DIARY OF A MINECRAFT BOUNTY HUNTER 7

Mission 3 : Dinnerbone

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Mission 3 – ‘Dinnerbone’
By Minecrafters & Wimpy Boy

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PREVIOUSLY:

“DON’T YOU DARE!”

Huh?

“I MEAN IT DAN! DON’T YOU DARE DO IT!”

Do what?

“YOU KNOW WHAT YOU’RE GOING TO DO!”

You seem to know what I’m going to do before I do.

“THAT’S BECAUSE I DO!”

You do?

“I DO!”

Are you marrying me?

“WHAT!?”

I must say, this is very surprising.

“AS IF I’D EVER MARRY YOU!”

Oh my poor heart.

“ARE YOU BEING SERIOUS!?”

Of course not. I can do much better than you.

“RARGH!”

Charles, let’s calm down here.

“I’LL SMASH THIS PLACE APART!”

If you do that, we’ll pay a visit to Mr. Kraken. Would you like that?

“…”

That’s what I thought.

“I’ll be outside.”

Oh, reader! When did you get here?

“I GIVE UP!”

Hehe, I love messing with that guy.

At any rate, it’s good to see you again. How you been? Eating your greens I hope. Five vegetables a day, and you’ll be a strong as a bounty hunter. Actually, I don’t think there are five different vegetables in Minecraft. Carrots, potatoes and… yup, that’s it.

“No wonder why everyone in Minecraft looks so blocky.”

Dude, you stole my joke!

“I don’t see your name on it.”

Ah, whatever. I believe these people are here for a story.

“You’re not going to give them the story so far, are you?”

Course I am.

“Dude, don’t you think they’re bored of that by now? Surely most of the fans know the history by now.”

Oh come on, who wouldn’t want to hear the epic and incredible tale of Dan Danger?

“Everyone on this planet.”

Quiet you. So then, where shall we begin?

“How about the part where I saved your butt when Dr. Boom attacked?”

Spoilers! Gosh.

“Sigh…”

Anyway, without further ado, let’s begin!

Bounty hunters. Once foes of both the server population and the Admins, now staunch defenders of Minecraft. Alongside the Admins, we fought evil wherever it dared to rear its ugly head. Hackers and cheaters were no match for the likes of us.

Until Team Grieferz made an appearance.

Pirates from a long forgotten age, these players made a dramatic return by causing chaos and destruction wherever they ventured. Many boats which risked venturing on the ocean waters never returned, and thousands of players were despawned.

Things got even worse when Whiteport, one of the largest Minecraft coastal cities, was attacked. It was left in near ruin, which finally drove the Admins to do something about this new threat. But rather than get off their rear ends to fix it themselves, they sent us. Yay.

With only a sailor called Brian to help us, we journeyed onto the waters ourselves and began searching for our new foe. Yet despite all of our “mad skillz”-

“Did you really just say mad skillz?”

I did. Problem?

“… No.”

Good. Yet despite all of our “mad skillz”, we were unable to locate Team Grieferz. Mainly because they sailed around us and attacked all the ships which had decided there wasn’t anything to be scared of anymore.

Those poor, poor fools.

After dozens of vessels were sunk, we followed a trail leading to Team Grieferz. And although we managed to track them down, we were swiftly defeated and forced to retreat, which somehow led to us ending up in an ocean we’d never seen before.

Long story short, we soon found out we were in the Lost Sea. And so began our journey to return home, fraught with peril as we battled against sea serpents, ghost ships and even giant chickens. Poor Brian didn’t make it.

“That’s because you left him on an island.”

Details, details.

When we finally managed to make it home, we found Team Grieferz and Team Admin battling it out in Whiteport. It was a fierce battle and Team Grieferz was on the verge of victory.

Luckily, we managed to catch them by surprise and blast them to smithereens.

Happy ending, right? Wrong.

It was here we discovered that it wasn't just Team Grieferz who'd returned from the past. They'd also unleashed the god of the seas: the Kraken. It quickly destroyed our vessel and fled the scene, intent on destroying Minecraft.

Meeting with the Head Admin, we came up with a plan to defeat this monster. In an effort to stop it, there was only one weapon which could bring this beast down. Herobrine's Trident. A weapon said to be able to control the Kraken.

And so we departed on a dangerous, life-threatening journey to retrieve Herobrine's Trident. Fraught with peril, danger and perilous danger, we made our way to the last known place of the trident.

A temple built in Herobrine's honor. Who would have guessed we would have found it there?

"Your sarcasm isn't appreciated."

It's always appreciated!

So after looting the temple, stealing Herobrine's Trident, fighting off a bunch of undead creatures and fleeing the scene, we journeyed back into open waters, where we prepared for the upcoming battle with the Kraken…

Which showed up after about ten seconds.

And so, we began battle with Minecraft's god of the ocean. An epic conflict which raged across the seas far and wide… Nah, just kidding. The boat barely moved. It was basically us firing a bunch of TNT cannons at the thing's tentacles.

As the fight went on, we quickly discovered something about the trident. It was no more useful than a wet noodle. I couldn't figure out how to work the weapon, let alone use it to defeat the most powerful creature we'd ever faced.

Turns out, all we needed to do to power it was to admit all of the things we'd done to annoy the Admins. Who would have guessed?

Needles to say, it worked. With a mighty surge of energy, I was able to take control of the Kraken and force it to obey my commands. As much as I wanted to ask it to eat Charles…

"Hey!"

I figured I'd let him live for now. But yes, the Kraken was defeated, the seas were saved and the future was looking bright once more. Happy ending time?

Nope.

The Head Admin had received a message from someone very important. The leader of the Council of Developers, Lord Dinnerbone, wasn't happy with what was happening to our server. Considering we'd only just dealt with Dr. Boom, he wasn't too happy that another threat had arisen.

The Head Admin's been talking with him, and now I'm personally going to meet him. Once we arrive and we've spoken to him, it'll be Dinnerbone's decision to determine whether or not our server will continue to receive help.

If it doesn't, then we might as well give up now. A server without help from the Council of Developers means no Admin support whatsoever. And without Admin support, we'd be destroyed by hackers and griefers alike.

No pressure, but these next few days basically determine our future.

PROLOGUE

WARNING! WARNING!

TO ALL SERVERS CURRENTLY REGULATED BY THE “COUNCIL OF DEVELOPERS”, THIS IS A CODE RED ALERT!

PROJECT END IS FREE OF ALL SEALS, AND IS CURRENTLY RUNNING RAMPANT ON THE MAIN SERVER. ALL PLAYERS ARE HEREBY ADVISED NOT TO APPROACH HIM. FAILURE TO LISTEN MAY RESULT IN YOUR PERMANENT DESPAWNING.

ALL HEAD ADMINS ARE HEREBY REQUESTED TO REPORT TO THE COUNCIL IMMEDIATLEY, FOR INFORMATION ON HOW TO DEAL WITH THE CURRENT SITUATION.

IF PROJECT END CANNOT BE STOPPED, WE WILL HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO TERMINATE THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE MAIN SERVER AND ALL OTHER SERVERS. IF PROJECT END WERE TO BREAK OUT, IT WOULD TRULY MEAN THE END OF EVERYTHING.

STAY SAFE,

LORD DINNERBONE

DAY 1

“Did we really have to take the minecart?” I asked the Head Admin.

“The minecart is the transport of champions,” he explained to me whilst patting my head, “back in my day, we had to walk to get to places. So imagine our happiness when the minecart was invented. Heck, we couldn’t even sprint back then, for you see…”

I tuned him out and looked to the side, off into the distance as we grew closer to Server Central. To my right were various buildings, each taller than the last. Obviously they’d had some sort of building contest. To my left was a vast forest, slowly being chopped down by other players. Probably to build taller buildings.

And of course, in front of me was Mr. Ugly himself.

“I can read your mind y’know,” the Head Admin pointed out.

“You can read!?”

The Head Admin sighed.

“You can’t act like that in front of Dinnerbone. If you do, we’re going to be in serious trouble.”

“We’re already in serious trouble,” I reminded him, “there’s a very good chance we’re not going home to our server.”

“I’m aware,” he nodded, “but I’ll do my best to make sure that doesn’t happen.”

We sat in silence for most of the journey, and I started thinking back to the others. My fellow bounty hunters. My comrades. My friends… well, most of them.

Magic Mance the magician. Huge Hugo the brute. Valiant Victor the honest. Luckless Larry the… well, luckless.

Huh, I can’t help but feeling I’m forgetting someone…

Someone important? Nah, it couldn’t be. Else I’d remember them. Certainly no friend. Heck, I doubt I even care about this person in the slightest, so there’s no way I’d-

“DUDE, THAT’S REALLY HURTFUL!”

The heck!?

From my suitcase sprang forth a man. He was my height, mainly because everyone in Minecraft is the same height. Some might say he looked brilliant. Personally, I was considering all the reasons not to throw him from the minecart.

“Pleased to see me?” Charles Brilliant chuckled.

Right, that was it. I grabbed him and promptly tossed him out the rear end of the minecart.

“What was that?” the Head Admin asked, who’d been distracted by a flock of birds.

“Oh don’t mind that,” I grinned, “so what were you saying about the texture of grass in Alpha?”

At that moment, his expression turned serious. He leaned forward, a veritable fire burning in his eyes.

“It was perhaps the worst decision the Council of Developers ever made,” he sighed into his hand, shaking his head, “the day they changed the texture of grass was the day our server looked uglier than ever…”

As he began ranting on about different shades of green, I heard something whooshing through the air. There was no mistaking it. I’d heard it several times before whilst attempting to ruin fishing

trips for other people. It was a fishing rod.

I caught sight of a hook landing on the side of the minecart, burying itself in the metal. I gritted my teeth, turning to spot none other than Charles. He'd hooked his fishing rood to the minecart, and was being dragged along the track,

It looked really, really painful.

"Help me," he begged with big, painful eyes, as he desperately held on for dear life.

I turned my attention back to the Head Admin, and nodded in agreement as we discussed the stupid inclusion of hunger. Why, one day, did we all wake up feeling hungry? Ridiculous. Prior to that, we only had to eat when we were injured. It was a stupid decision.

"Perhaps we can get Dinnerbone to change those things as well," I chuckled.

"We'd best not push our luck," the Head Admin sighed, "let's just save our server. Then we can force that idiot to make the changes we want."

"Alrighty."

And no more was said after that, only the screams of Charle's taking damage to his hearts filled the air. The Head Admin glanced up once or twice, trying to find the source of the noise, but ultimately said nothing and remained deep in his thoughts.

As much as I haven't liked the guy in the past, I'm glad we're allies now. Even so, I'm not sure even he can convince Lord Dinnerbone to back down. From what I've heard, this guy isn't the nicest person around. The Head Admin's told me many stories, the most notable being Dinnerbone tossing someone into a bottomless pit for accidentally putting milk in his coffee.

Still, you never know. Maybe he won't be such a bad guy after all.

DAY 2

“Nope, not a chance.”

“OH COME ON!”

Well diary, we finally made it to the Main Server. Home of the Council of Developers and Lord Dinnerbone. Upon arrival, we were made very welcome by a free gift basket and twelve soldiers waiting to escort us to the council.

And yes, they were armed with Uber Weapons. Essentially, the things that delete you permanently from the game.

“Is this really necessary?” the Head Admin asked as we were marched towards the council’s building.

“Sorry sir, but considering you and your friend here are responsible for chaos and destruction unlike anything we’ve ever seen, we have to be very careful.”

“To be fair, we were only responsible for about 60% of the stuff that happened,” I pointed out.

“Not helping,” the Head Admin hissed, and that was the end of that conversation.

I glanced behind me, noting that Charles had managed to drag himself over to the minecarts. He’d been hanging on by the fishing rod for hours on end. He had determination, I’d give him that.

“Alright, send the minecart back,” one of the guards yelled to the conductor, who set the minecart in reverse.

“WAIT!” Charles cried, but to no avail, as he was squashed against the back of the minecart and sent back on a journey to our server. We wouldn’t be seeing him for a long time.

“Did you hear something?” the Head Admin looked left and right, but I merely shook my head.

“Just the wind buddy.”

After a short walk, we were brought to the council chambers. It was a grand affair, made out of diamond, emerald and blocks I’d never seen. But there was something strange about it, something crazy that I couldn’t put my finger on…

“MOTHER OF NOTCH!” the Head Admin spat out, pointing at the building, “THAT BUILDING IS A CIRCLE!”

“WHAT!?” I yelled back, staring closer at the building. He was right. The entire structure was a circle. The most mind-blowing thing in Minecraft.

“WE ARE NOT WORTHY!” the Head Admin bowed down on one knee.

“Save it for the council,” one of the guards snarled, pushing him forward.

The inside was massive. A giant hall lead to the council room, the ceiling supported by great pillars. On the walls were every painting you could imagine. Creepers, swords and even giant masterpieces depicting Dinnerbone against Herobrine.

“When did that ever happen?” I whispered to the Head Admin.

“Guess.”

Never. Got it.

Finally, after what seemed like forever (even though it wasn’t much more than five minutes), we arrived at the council’s chambers. If you’ve ever seen Galactic Wars, you’ll know what it looks like. Twelve chairs placed in a circular pattern-

“CIRCLE!” the Head Admin screamed.

“IT’S NOT RIGHT!” I punched the wall, “IT SHOULDN’T EXIST!”

“QUIET!”A voice boomed out.

There, at the center of the room, sat none other than the man we’d come to meet. Lord Dinnerbone. Once a man who’d served under Notch himself, now the supreme ruler of all things blocky… and circular.

“IT DOESN’T MAKE SENSE!” the Head Admin collapsed, foaming at the mouth. They ended up having to drag him from the room, as he muttered things about “nightmarish circles”.

Leaving me alone with the developers.

“How’s it going?” I asked.

Lord Dinnerbone glared at me from beneath his mask. At least, I assume he was glaring. He was dressed in white robes and wore a golden mask. Despite the expensive looking outfit, I did catch sight of a small coffee stain on his sleeve.

“Enjoy your coffee?”

“You dare to mock the high and mighty Lord Dinnerbone?” a developer to the left of their leader spoke, “why I ought to smite you where you stand.”

I moved one block to the left.

“You are the one they call Dan?” Dinnerbone asked, leaning forward.

“Yes sir,” I nodded, “and might I say, what a pleasure it is to be here.

“Sarcasm detected,” a robotic voice came from Dinnerbone’s right, “permission to despawn with extreme prejudice?”

“Denied,” Dinnerbone shook his head, “are you here to just make jokes?”

“Maybe,” I shrugged, “depends on how you’ll react.”

“Terminate the server,” he turned to the robot.

“Can’t we talk about this!?” I begged.

“Nope, not a chance.”

“OH COME ON!”

“You come in here, mock my circles and then talk to me sarcastically. I see no reason as to why your server should continue existing.”

“There has to be something I can do!” I begged.

“Someone like you can only cause terror and destruction,” Dinnerbone waved his hand, “this conversation is over. We will now begin the process of cutting off all support to your server. Developers, are you in agreement?”

“We are!” the room sounded.

“Then let’s be -”

BOOM!

“What was that!?” Dinnerbone jumped off his chair, his hands glowing purple, as the guards surrounded me, “What did you do!?”

“I DIDN’T DO ANYTHING!” I shook my head wildly.

“As if we’d believe t -”

BOOM!

“There it is again!”

“Give me a status report!” Dinnerbone demanded.

“I don’t think that will be necessary sir,” one of the developers pointed out.

“And why’s that?”

“Because whatever it is, it’s coming right for us.”

Oh dear.

The window exploded in a shower of glass. My first thought was why one would install a window in the most important building in the entire universe. My next thought was that was a very expensive window they’d just broken. Sand isn’t cheap these days.

“ARE YOU STILL MAKING JOKES!?” Dinnerbone roared.

“Stop reading my mind!”

When the glass had finished falling, we dared to open our eyes. The room was now inhabited by another figure. Dressed completely in black, with a cape draped around his shoulders. Both his hands were glowing purple, similar to Dinnerbone’s though the color was much darker.

“DEVELOPERS!” he boomed, “I apologize for the interruption, but I’m here on important business.”

“And what might that be?” Dinnerbone asked, brushing off his robes.

“DESTROYING MINECRAFT!”

Seemed pretty important to me.

With a wave of his hand, all the developers save for Dinnerbone were tossed about the room like little dolls. The guards immediately rushed for this new foe, only to meet the same fate.

“I think I’ll sit this one out,” I muttered to myself, sitting down on the floor and eating the sandwich I’d brought with me.

“ARE YOU SERIOUS!?”

“You look like you’ve got this under control,” I replied to Dinnerbone, before digging into my delicious sandwich. Yum. Eggs and bacon.

“Errr…”

CRASH!

Dinnerbone was blasted into his little chair, as this new figure bombarded him with purple orbs of what I could only assume was dark magic.

“DESPAWN! DESPAWN! DESPAWN! DESPAWN! DESPAWN! DESPAWN! DESPAWN! DESPAWN!”

Fairly dramatic, dontcha think?

BANG!

Man, I love these catchy sound effects!

The mysterious stranger was launched backwards, as Dinnerbone approached his foe with glowing white eyes. If it weren’t for his ridiculous moustache, you could easily have mistaken him for Herobrine.

“MY MOUSTACHE IS NOT RIDICULOUS!”

“Get back to fighting!”

“BEGONE!”

Purple spears, purple swords and other purple objects morphed into existence, before flying towards Dinnerbone and exploding upon impact. The poor guy didn't deserve(d) it.

"MY SPLEEN!" he moaned in pain, as he rolled around on the floor.

"STOP MOVING!" his opponent demanded, attempting to hit him with the attack. Surprisingly, he couldn't land a single blow after Dinnerbone started rolling around.

"HELP ME OUT!" Dinnerbone begged.

Oh. So the guy who wanted to destroy my server was asking for help. I couldn't help but feel there was some sort of irony here.

"THAT'S NOT HOW YOU USE IRONY!"

"QUIT SCREAMING!"

Sigh. I decided it was probably in my best interest to help the guy out. Whilst this enemy was delivering the smack down, I spotted a weapon on the floor dropped by one of the guards. A blaster rifle of some sorts, which they'd described as being able to despawn something permanently.

It was worth a shot.

Hehe. Get it? Because it's a laser gun? And it shoots? No? Okay then.

I dived for the weapon, as the robed magician called upon an oversized hammer to crush Dinnerbone, similar to one I'd seen the Head Admin use. I only had seconds to spare.

"Any last requests?" the enemy asked Dinnerbone.

"Just one," he replied, "do you think you could disappear forever?"

"Sorry, I must refuse," he chuckled, raising the hammer and preparing to strike Dinnerbone down.

"Consider your request granted!" I declared, rifle in hand.

The figure turned, as a bright flash of red and green filled the room. A wave of energy struck my opponent in the chest, causing him to howl in pain.

"What is this!?" he hissed, "No, anything but that! GAH!"

The hammer he'd conjured up disappeared, and he began flailing

about the room. Crashing into the walls and chairs, he collapsed to

the floor, writhing as he took damage.

"NOT AGAIN! I WON'T ALLOW IT!"

Not again?

BOOM!

One annoying sound effect later, and black, billowing smoke had flooded the room. Coughing, I ran to the nearest (broken) window to fill my lungs with fresh air. But by the time the smog had cleared, the figure was gone.

"Did we get him?" I asked Dinnerbone, who was rising to his feet.

"I'm afraid not," he shook his head, "you probably just made him angry."

Wonderful. Before I could ask what he meant, the doors burst open. And who else was it going to be other than Charles? I must say, he looked a little worse for wear. His skin was imprinted with the markings of minecart tracks, and he was breathing heavily.

"Dan…" he coughed.

"Yes Charles?"

“You’ve got five seconds before I pound you to a pulp.”

I pointed the rifle at him.

“You were saying?”

“It’s so great to see you!”

DAY 3

“So what was that about the bounty hunters being reckless and stupid?”

“Quiet.”

We were all gathered at Ye Olde Inn, apparently meant to be the nicest restaurant in all of Minecraft. Yet when we got there, we found the place to be empty and lacking in choice.

“What do you mean you only serve apples, bread and pork?” Lord Dinnerbone demanded, “Do you have any idea who I am?”

“Unfortunately sir, I do,” the innkeeper shook his head, “now are you going to order something or not?”

“… I’ll have apples and pork, with a side of bread.”

After the innkeeper took our orders, we returned to the conversation at hand.

“So can someone please tell me what I missed?” Charles asked.

“And who is this supposed to be?” Dinnerbone demanded.

“One of my fans,” I explained with the wave of my hand, “I can have him thrown out if you like.”

“The name’s Charles Brilliant,” Mr. Brilliant hissed, “I’m the one who defeated Dr. Boom a while back.”

“That was you?” Dinnerbone asked, and Charles confirmed it, “I’m impressed. You did a bang up job bringing him down.”

“And how come I haven’t had a compliment yet?” I moaned.

“You can shoot a laser rifle half-decently,” Dinnerbone chuckled, “but that’s about it I’m afraid.”

“Sounds about right,” the Head Admin laughed.

Oh if only I could call the Kraken on these chumps right now.

“Oh yes, remind me to confiscate that trident when this is all over.”

… Dang it.

“So Lord Dinnerbone,” said Charles, “what exactly are we up against?”

“He gave you a pretty good smack down,” I reminded him, “seems a wee bit stronger than what we’ve been dealing with.”

“… Fine, I supposed you ought to know. The robed figure who attacked us is none other than Project End.”

Project End? I’d heard rumors about such a thing in the old days of Minecraft, but that’s all they were. Rumors. Project End was never meant to exist… right?

“And what is Project End?” Charles asked.

“The ultimate developer tool, designed to take down hackers, cheaters and rulebreakers across all servers.”

“I’m guessing it didn’t work out?” the Head Admin sipped from his drink, a smile on his face, “That’s why you hired us mighty Admins to do the job for you.”

“Zip it Gregory,” Dinnerbone spat, “else I’ll revoke those powers

from you.”

I kid you not diary, I spat my drink out from laughing.

“Gregory? HAHAHAHAHA!” My fist hit the table, as I convulsed with fits of laughter. Charles was a little calmer, but even he couldn’t stop himself from laughing so hard that milk came out of his nose.

“Yes, my name is Gregory,” Gregory the Head Admin sighed, “now can we please -”

“Gregory! Oh Gregory! Might I call you Greggy?”

“HAHAHAHA.”

Even Dinnerbone was grinning at this point, prompting Gregory to flip the table.

“YES, MY NAME IS GREGORY!” he snarled, “I AM KNOWN AS GREGORY! IT IS WHAT MY MOTHER NAMED ME, AND WHAT I SHALL BE NAMED FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE! AND IF ANY OF YOU DARES TO SAY ANOTHER WORD, I’LL ERASE YOU FROM EXISTENCE!”

“You can’t do that,” Dinnerbone protested, “I’m your -”

Gregory turned to Dinnerbone, his eyes glowing a fiery shade of red. His fists were clenched, and he looked ready to blow up half the server with a single spell. That was more than enough to silence Dinnerbone.

“Now can we get back to the conversation at hand?”

We all agreed, and the Head Developer continued the story.

“Project End was designed by Notch as soon as Minecraft started getting more and more popular. Back in those days, there was only Notch and Herobrine keeping everyone in check. Now, considering that Herobrine wasn’t the most trustworthy person around, Notch didn’t want him to be responsible for everything. That’s why he created Project End.”

“Project End was left to do as it pleased, rounding up any rulebreakers and punishing them accordingly. Some he only gave a warning to, others he threw into a cell for all eternity. It worked relatively well, and soon enough there weren’t many rulebreakers in Minecraft at all.”

“But that soon changed. Herobrine, growing more and more impatient with Notch’s idea of fairness, decided to add a little chaos into the mix. He reprogrammed Project End to give rulebreakers the maximum punishment. Permanent despawning.”

“That very same day, Project End detected a hacker in one of the major cities. After dealing with the hacker, he determined that the inhabitants had been protecting the rulebreaker by hiding him in the city. Thus, he immediately began to despawn everything in sight.”

“When Notch found out about this, he was furious. This was what began The God Wars, where Notch and Herobrine fought a devastating battle across the planet. The two fought for decades and centuries, until Notch managed to overcome his opponent and seal him away in the Nether.”

“But that wasn’t the end of the trouble. Project End stopped its rampage after Herobrine’s defeat, but Notch couldn’t overwrite Herobrine’s programming. So, with a heavy heart, he sealed Project End at the heart of the main server, never to be released again…”

“For years, we developers have kept a close eye on Project End. Due to his captivity, his programming has becoming even more dysfunctional. He now believes that each and every player is a rulebreaker and a threat against Lord Notch, and won’t stop in his quest to destroy them.

“And now that he’s free, there’s no telling what he might do.”

DAY 4

So, we're basically up against an Uber Admin who's banned more people than Banny McBan?

Sounds like fun!

We've been going over a strategy with Dinnerbone, who believes the way to win this is actually simpler than it looks.

"Like I said, it's rather simple," he told us last night, "all we need to do is find an ancient object never before seen by anyone in Minecraft in the hopes that we can somehow use it in some way to defeat our enemy."

… What?

"You're not talking about Notch's Apple, are you?" the Head Admin moaned, "Rumored to contain the powers of Notch himself?"

"Indeed I am," Dinnerbone nodded, "Notch's Apple is said to contain a secret update, which can shutdown Project End for good."

"If that's the case, why didn't Notch himself use it?" I asked with a frown.

"That's another story altogether," Dinnerbone explained, "but let's just say that Notch and Project End were once good friends."

Ah, friendship. The bane of my existence.

"You have no friends," said Charles.

I resisted the urge to toss him through the nearest available window.

"Enough with the petty arguments already," Dinnerbone shook his head in annoyance, "the fact is that if we don't find Notch's Apple soon, we're going to be in some major trouble."

"Oh come on, what's the worst Project End can do?" I asked, "I kicked this guy's butt, and I'm an honorary Admin."

"You got lucky," Dinnerbone replied, "Project End has the ability to teleport anywhere he wishes. He's equipped with weapons that can severely damage Admins and Developers and which despawn players immediately. He's immune to all hacks and cheats, can spawn whatever item he so desires and, perhaps the most troubling thing about him, has the ability to destroy circles merely by looking at them."

"That's a good thing, they're abominations," the Head Admin pointed out.

"Quiet you."

"Never!"

"At any rate, if Project End finds a way out of the main server, he'll destroy everything he comes across. We can't allow that to happen."

"Out of curiosity, what's in it for us?" I asked.

"Yeah, sounds like a dangerous mission," Charles noted.

"Bounty hunters like danger, but only if we're well paid for it."

"He has a point," the Head Admin noted, "what are you willing to offer us?"

"Ugh…" Dinnerbone facepalmed, obviously caught in a predicament. He couldn't handle Project End without our help, but he didn't look very willing to pay us for our time, "What is it you want?"

"How about not terminating our server?" the Head Admin chuckled, "That's a start."

“A start?”

“We’ll also be wanting payment for our services,” I added, “shouldn’t be a problem for a developer as powerful as you.”

“Okay, okay!”

“And for the love of Notch, make those minecart tracks safer,” Charles protested, rubbing his head.

“Fine!”

“One last thing,” said the Head Admin, forming a fist with his blocky hand.

“No. More. Circles.”

“But… but… circles are hip! Circles are now!”

“If you ever say the word hip again, I’ll throw you out the nearest window. Are we clear?”

“… Yes sir.”

“Very good!”

And with that, the deal was sealed. Bounty hunters, Admins and Developers would join together to fight the greatest threat Minecraft had ever faced. Yes, we fight a lot of threats, each greater than the last.

You know, in comparison to what we’ve faced now, Dr. Boom really isn’t anything to write home about. I can’t believe we actually considered him a worthy foe.

“What did you just say?”

That voice… no. There was no way. Couldn’t be possible. Nuh-uh.

Nope. No.

Please no.

The four of us turned, weapons, as you’d imagine, in hand. There, standing a short distance away, gazing off into the distance like in some cheesy romantic movie, was none other than the infamous Dr. Boom.

“Nice you see you all,” he grinned, “it’s been quite a while, hasn’t it?”

“Take in the view Boom,” I suggested, raising the Uber Rifle I had, “one blast from this and you’ll be erased for good.”

“Oh I really wouldn’t do that if I were you.”

“And why not?”

I blinked. One second, Boom had been standing a good fifty blocks away. The next, we were face-to-face, my laser having been snatched away.

“What is the meaning of this?” Dinnerbone replied, but immediately shut up when Boom pointed the weapon at him.

“Funny, isn’t it? You give these toys to your guards, hoping they’ll protect the server. Thing is, they’ll despawn you just as easily as they would a regular player.”

“What do you want Boom?” Charles asked, “Make it quick before I crush you like I did last time.”

“Such an attitude,” Dr. Boom sighed, lowering the weapon, “I thought we could have a bit of a friendly chat.”

“The only friendly chat is the one we’ll be having on the way to the cells,” the Head Admin declared, “you might as well surrender.

You can’t hope to take all of us on.”

“Oh can’t I?” Boom challenged.

As the Head Admin threw the energy orb he’d been charging, Boom disappeared. He reappeared a moment later behind Gregory, knocking him to the floor with the laser. He vanished again as Dinnerbone and Charles launched their own attacks, returning at least ten blocks in the air.

“SHADOW STRIKE!”

His fist turning black, his punch blasted Dinnerbone into a nearby tree. Charles retaliated with a dagger, but Boom merely blocked it with the butt of the weapon and delivered a well-earned kick to the stomach.

“Ouch,” Charles moaned.

I decided not to get involved in this little conflict.

“Now if we could all calm down here,” Boom sighed, running a hand through his hair, “as you can see, I’ve got you outmatched. Pretty unlucky for you. Luckily for you however, I’m not interested in beating you chumps.”

Boom walked a short distance away, his lab coat billowing in the wind. He took a deep breath, taking a few moments to himself as he was lost in thought.

“The fact is, if Project End makes it out of this server, we’re all finished. I intend to stop him, but I’ll need your help.”

“And why should we work for you?” Gregory groaned, slowly rising to his feet, “You tried to destroy us.”

“It’s not in my interest to destroy you right now,” Boom replied, “and whilst I’m sure you have many questions concerning how I’m still here and how I have all these cool powers. But right now, only one question matters.”

“Where is Notch’s Apple?”

NEXT TIME:

The end times are coming.

Dan Danger and Charles Brilliant have kept their server alive for now, but it may not last much longer.

Project End, a powerful secret weapon designed to combat rulebreakers, has managed to escape captivity and wreak havoc across the main server. If he escapes, it’ll be the end of everything.

To bring him down, Dan and Charles need to find Notch’s Apple, said to contain a hidden update that can wipe Project End out.

But they’ll soon discover that this titanic super villain isn’t the only thing to worry about.

Make sure you pick up your copy of ‘Diary of a Minecraft Bounty Hunter 8’, which continues the third epic trilogy of this series